

Lewis Carroll, Lewis Carroll

Lewis Carroll, Lewis Carroll
left home without his boots.
His toes they froze, we must suppose
Of this there's no dispute.

He left the house filled with thought,
of stories, verse and rhyme.
Of cats and rats and men in hats
and a creature quite sublime.

He stopped en route to buy a tea
no sugar, but with cream.
The pot was not too very hot
and the taste? it was supreme!

He didn't recognize the time
(for Time can be the foe.)
Instead, his head did duly tread
where it was s'posed to go.

His feet were truly freezing now,
His socks were soaking wet.
His toes were numb, he felt quite dumb.
This trip he did regret.

He reached his home. "Alas" he thought,
"Oh what a day it's been!
My feet need heat to feel complete."
Then much to his chagrin . . .

He settled into bed and there
he bore no dreams of malice.

Just cats and hats — and imagine that,
a little girl named Alice.